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Number 10

ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING PERFECTED

For the Big Ball Game Friday—All The Old Timers Clamoring for Chance to Play

As soon as the Press appeared last week with the announcement that the "Old Timers" had challenged the Marion Reds and the challenge had been accepted applications to get in the line up flooded Capt. Guy Lamb of the "Blue Beans" and he will therefore have much material to pick from. And they all insist that they are as good or better than any of the youngsters on the regular team and are going to show them up in great shape. You never can tell either. Imagine Jas. H. Orme striking out such sluggers as Driskill, Kinsey, et al! He says he is going to do it too. Also adds to the assertion that he is going to put over in the old cemetery himself. That alone will be worth the price of admission, though it is not guaranteed by the management.

Captain Guy is keeping his players a secret, with the exception of the ones already announced, as he is afraid the Reds will get cold feet and send to Louisville or somewhere and get a few ringers, and while he is confident of trimming the regular team, he does not want to stack up against anything imported.

Some of the city's most popular young ladies are already inviting their gentlemen friends to attend the game with them so they will have plenty of time to get enough of them to win that fine box of candy. With all this preparation it sure would be a joke on the Marion girls to have some fine young lady come out in the country walk off with the prize. There are plenty of them popular enough if they only get busy and bring 'em in. And that sure is a fine box of candy Mr. Orme has selected for you.

And as for the box of cigars to be given by Haynes and Taylor to the most popular men present, while everyone concedes that Hope Hudson has the best chance of anybody in the county Neil Guess says that he is going to let everybody know that "he also ran". Even Tom Morse says he is going to beg off from his "steady" long enough to enter this contest, not that he needs the cigars for he does not smoke, but just to show them he is still there with the ladies. But dear reader please remember that Doyle Vaughn is still in town and is a pretty safe bet for "place" anyhow.

And J. R. Sowers is going to give a glass of his famous lemonade to everybody there whether they win a prize or not. Take it all the way through there is going to be a grand time for all who attend. While the game will not start until 3:30 it might be a good idea for you to go down early in the afternoon as the committee in charge are liable to spring an extra or two on the program.

All this will come off next Friday afternoon, August 27th at Maxwell Park in Marion. Everybody in this and adjoining counties is invited.

Remember the lady with the most male escorts will be considered the most popular—and get the candy and the man escorting the most ladies will get the cigars.

TOM MIX COMING IN "THE SPEED MANIAC"

Tom Mix—the dynamic William Fox hero is to appear tonight at the Strand Theatre in "The Speed Maniac" in which photoplay according to report he will surpass himself—if that be possible—in a lot of big new stunts of nerve and muscle which are strung upon a golden thread of romance such as makes every Tom Mix picture truly delightful.

The setting of the story is western and gives abundant room for the fun the broad human touches and the charming love tale characteristic of Mix photodrama.

A big feature of the play is the wrecking of Mix's auto in a great track race. The realism of this incident is said to be astounding.

MAKE ROOM IN THE GARDEN FOR SPINACH

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 20—Now is the time to sow late spinach that can be carried through the winter by mulching with straw. The New Zealand is the best variety and it will grow throughout the entire summer. Seed that is sown now should be allowed to grow and develop as much as possible before the straw mulch is applied. In case the plants become large some of them can be removed thereby preventing a crowded condition among the rest so that they will have a chance to become better established before winter.

INCREASE IN COST TO BE SLIGHT

Living costs in Louisville will not be seriously advanced by the increase in freight rates which became effective Thursday. In most instances the added costs of necessities resulting from the higher freight rates will be trivial. The Illinois Central Railroad has furnished the Times with a schedule showing what the increased cost of freight transportation will be on a score of commodities received in Louisville from central distributing points.

The increased cost, for instance of shipping a pair of man's shoes from Chicago to Louisville is shown to be 4-10 of a cent. The increase on a pair of women's shoes will be 3-10 of a cent. On a man's three-piece suit, it will be 6-10 of a cent. The increase on a woman's full coat will be 4-10 of a cent and on a woman's summer dress 2-10 of a cent.

A ten pound pail of lard shipped from Chicago to Louisville will cost 6-10 of a cent more than formerly. A bushel of apples received from Chicago will cost 3-6-10 more. The added cost of shipping a dozen bananas from New Orleans will be 3-10 of a cent. It will cost but 1-10 of a cent more to ship a two pound can of fruit or vegetables from Chicago. A bushel of potatoes received from Minneapolis will cost 6-3-10 more for freight, and a twenty-four pound bag of flour received from Minneapolis but 1-9-10 cents. Ten pounds of sugar from New Orleans will cost 1-10 cents more and ten pounds of coffee from New Orleans 1-10 cents more.

Those contemplating building will be interested in learning that the increased cost of shipping 1000 feet of yellow pine from Brookhaven, Miss., to Louisville will be \$1.20 and of shipping 100 pounds of cement from Lasalle, Illinois will be 3-1-2 cents. Motorists are informed that a gallon of gasoline received here from Wood River, Illinois will be shipped at an increased cost of 3-10 of a cent. A ton of coal from Kentucky mines will cost 25¢ more for transportation.

The famous "Ice machine" in Chicago may be expected to pay \$1.20 a ton more for that privilege. A bushel of wheat shipped to Chicago will cost 2-4-10 more and a bushel of corn 2-4-10 cents. One hundred pounds of livestock will be charged 7¢ more for its ride to Chicago. The produce dealer who proposes to market eggs in Chicago will pay 5-8-10 cents more a crate after August 25, or 2-10 of a cent a dozen.—Louisville Post.

ALICE JOYCE HAS TIMELY PRODUCTION

Alice Joyce has the play of the year, "Dollars and the Woman," which will be shown at the Strand Theatre on Thursday August 26. With the high cost of living rampant and incomes unusually inflated the theme of this extraordinary play by Albert Payson Terhune dealing with extravagance when money is plenty alone is delight to lovers of good pictures but is pertinent to the present day mode of living.

As Madge Hillier Miss Joyce through extravagance so well learns the misery of poverty that when wealth comes again she is not capable of enjoying it. The story is new—up to the minute.

SHERIDAN

Mrs. James Tharp spent a few days in Marion last week the guest of her brother, Mr. Newt Wright and family.

John Terry of Hitcher, Okla., and his daughter and son of Webb City, Mo., left August 17 to visit his brother, William C. Minner and his sister, Mrs. Robert Barnes of south-east Missouri before returning to their homes.

Mrs. Kitty Perry and Miss Celia Donahey spent Thursday of last week the guests of Miss Nannie Moore.

George Bell and family, R. G. Bennett and family and John Beard attended the Baptist Association at Eminence last week.

Misses Sybil and Clara Bell accompanied by Messrs. Jesse Peters and Jesse Poley of Tolin motored to Eminence Thursday of last week to attend the Association.

Freeman Humphrey and wife are at Cairo, Ill., he is employed at a machine factory.

Mrs. Nettie Humphrey and son, Barnett have moved to the house vacated by Freeman Humphrey.

Quite a number from here attended the camp meeting at Hurricane Sunday.

Mrs. Sam Estes returned to her home in Illinois after a visit to her father, Mr. W. C. Lynn and her son Wason Hughes Estes.

Your Paper Will Stop When Time is Up!

Beginning September 1 we will discontinue subscriptions promptly at date of expiration. Many of our subscribers prefer this so we have decided to adopt this method of handling our mailing list.

Your Paper Will Stop When Time is Up!

SAY "DEATH" WELL

BIGGEST IN STATE

BOWLING GREEN Ky.—The spectacular oil well fire on the Whitaker lease in which Fred Fulton lost his life after battling the skill of fighters for over twelve hours was finally extinguished Thursday afternoon.

It is estimated that several thousands of barrels of oil were either burned or lost on the ground. Oil experts claim the well is the largest ever brought in in Kentucky and computes from 2,000 to 5,000 barrels.

The heat was terrible and spectators had to stand a half block away from the flames. Slowly the men fought the fire by throwing dirt upon it as large pipes from the boilers sent streams of steam into the seething mass of flames. Men could stay on the fighting line but a few moments at a time and then were compelled to run back to a safe distance. Sacks of dirt were quickly placed in front of the fighters and better progress was made.

The well is on the farm of S. A. Kelley a local real estate man.

It was completed in 484 feet in the Beaver sand. A heavy gas pressure accompanied the oil and a solid stream of oil shot 300 feet in the air. The flames and smoke rolled high into the air and were plainly discernible in the city although eight or more miles away. All night long the flames and smoke licked the heavens and the sight was a most spectacular one. Hundreds visited the well Wednesday night and all day Thursday.

LATE SUMMER RADISHES

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 20—Now is the time to spade up a small section of the garden and thoroughly prepare the soil for some late radishes. Since the radish is a quick maturing and hardy plant the white Vienna and Chartiers varieties can be planted at this time without any danger of them becoming pitiful. These vegetables are especially delicious and every farmer should have some in his garden this fall.

SHOAM

Everybody invited to Sunday school at 3:00 P. M.

Mrs. William Lynn has returned home after several days visit with her daughter, Mrs. Mind Estes of Eldorado, Ill.

There was a pie supper at this place Friday night of last week.

Little Homer Ray, son of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Settles, is reported better at this writing.

The Franklin mine is on a boom at present.

Mrs. Ella Conger went to Marion Friday of last week shopping.

Mrs. Ira Clements, who was operated on a few weeks ago is now on the road to recovery.

Our good old darkie, Uncle Sam Coleman who was stricken with a paralytic stroke a few weeks ago is reported some better.

Miss Verna and Sylvia Horning were guests of their sister, Mrs. Ida Clemens Friday.

Little Miss Geneva Juanita Layoff of Carrollsville is visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. D. Sulenger at this place.

Miss Ruth Lynn has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Clement Lynn this week.

Mrs. Willis Lynn and son visited her daughter, Mrs. Sam Estes, of Eldorado, Ill., this week.

Miss Ruth Lynn is spending the week with Miss Celia Lynn near the Mary Bell Mines.

Mrs. Sam Estes returned to her home in Illinois after a visit to her father, Mr. W. C. Lynn and her son Wason Hughes Estes.

I SEE...

Coleman Woody of Mattaponi was in to see us Saturday while in the city.

Rev. J. J. Smith passed through Marion last week enroute to Hurricane Camp meeting.

Atty. John A. Moore was in Frankfort last week on business.

Frank Woodside was in Marion one day last week.

Ex-Judge Walter Blackburn was in Marion Friday shaking hands with many friends.

C. W. Vanhooser of Union county was here Friday and reported fine crops over there.

G. W. Moss of Texas, who has been visiting in the county for some time has returned to Texas, this was his first visit here for 53 years. He came to attend a reunion of old friends and relatives at the home of J. A. Gass Thursday.

J. C. Elder and son are erecting quite an unique log bungalow for themselves.

C. J. Pierce has so improved and beautified his home that he has one of the prettiest homes on Bellville St.

Mrs. Delta Hughes of Weston section was in Marion last Wednesday and made the Press office a pleasant call to be named by Chairman John T. Gray.

We have the promise of a bumper corn crop.

The road leading from Marion to Tribune has been put in fine shape, the overseers and E. J. Travis are to be complimented.

Gus Summerville was on our streets one day last week and reported crops as promising.

Rudie Nimmo, who has been confined nine weeks with typhoid fever, is convalescing.

STRIKE OVER RUT

CARS ARE NEEDED

GREENVILLE Ky.—Although all the striking drivers returned to work at mines in this section the coal situation was not improved. The output of coal is now being delayed because of lack of rails.

A large number of empty gondolas for the removal of the coal are expected to arrive in several days.

WOMEN SPEAKERS

TO BE ORGANIZED

An intensive campaign to capture the women's vote is being made by the Democratic headquarters according to the Louisville Post.

Harry V. McChesney who has been tipped for chairman of the speakers bureau is already at work outlining a speaking campaign. One of the features will be feminine speakers.

Every County Chairman is being asked to submit the names of available oratorical timber including the women many of whom were developed in "whirlwinds" through their war work. Fully as many women speakers as men are expected to be enlisted by the Democrats and when the speaking campaign is over the woods will have been thoroughly shelled.

The opening date for the campaign hasn't been fixed but will probably be around September 10. The use of automobiles has so increased the amount of work that a speaker can do that it isn't necessary to begin any earlier in McChesney's opinion.

The organization by county chairmen is almost completed and the next move will be the naming of women who will be their first experience in the practical end of politics. The chief work of the women it is believed will be to impress on their sex the privilege and duty of suffrage. There will probably be some women on the executive committee for the campaign to be named by Chairman John T. Gray.

We have the promise of a bumper corn crop.

PRINCETON, Aug. 22—Mrs. Matie Morehead died suddenly last night at her residence in the city of heart disease. Her son found her dead in bed this morning. She is survived by two children, Miss Helen Morehead and James Morehead; three sisters, her twin, Mrs. G. Baker, Mrs. Harvey Moore, both of Princeton, and Mrs. Gus Taylor, of Marion, three brothers, James Bond Arkansas; Bedford Bund, St. Louis, and Thomas Bond of Detroit, and her father, J. M. Bond, this county.

Rev. J. M. Hicks and family were in Marion Thursday on their way to Tower Hill, Illinois, where he has accepted a good pastorate.

Douglas and Earl Clements spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Clements.

FOUND DEAD IN BED

PRINCETON

AUGUST 22

MRS. MATIE MOREHEAD

DIED SUDDENLY

AT HOME

IN PRINCETON

KY.

BY JOHN T. GRAY

OF THE PRESS

PHOTO BY JAMES H. COOPER

PHOTO BY

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

Marion, Ky., Aug. 24, 1920.

By W. F. and W. P. HOGARD.
Miss Leaffa Wilborn, News Editor.

Entered as second-class matter
February 9th, 1878, at the postoffice
at Marion, Kentucky, under the Act
of Congress of March 3rd, 1877.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
\$2.00 per year cash in advance

IS SANITY RETURNING?

In one of our large cities there is a manufacturer who employs numerous traveling men who penetrate every nook and corner of the country. These men are instructed, in addition to the sale of goods, to keep their fingers constantly upon the pulse of the people and report to the home office.

This manufacturer is firmly of the opinion that the country has about recovered from its delirium of commercial and financial insanity and is on the return to normal conditions and stability.

The public has ceased to buy with such extravagance, abounding, confining itself to the purchase of such articles as are legitimately required.

This has curtailed the demand, with the result that thousands of employees have been laid off, and others will follow.

Most of these men have spent their money as easily as it was earned, and it is only a question of time when they will be forced to accept other employment at reduced compensation.

This, thinks the manufacturer, marks the beginning of a downward trend in the cost of labor, with a consequent decline in the price of the finished products.

He thinks the decline will be slow and gradual in all lines, but effective and he does not look for a panic or any other great disturbance of our commercial and financial systems.

Sounds reasonable, and we hope it is true.

FOOLS IN A DAY.

Have you ever been in Washington, or in our State capitol, or in any other place where the politicians of both parties mingle?

If so you have noticed the personal friendliness of Republicans for Democrats and of Democrats for Republicans.

Each knows the personal worth of the other and respects it regardless of party differences.

But what happens when one of these men is nominated for a high office which the other party covets?

His nomination creates a distaste of the man—in the eyes of the opposite party.

He is full of sin and corruption. He is an advocate of all that is unholy in national and state affairs.

He is owned body and breeches by "interests" that are inimical to the welfare of the people.

He is a menace which must be crushed and annihilated without mercy.

As a citizen he is high minded and respected by his fellow men.

As a nominee he is a red rag in the face of a mad bull.

Politics works wonders in the minds of men, and in its realm the wise man of yesterday becomes the fool of today.

A good citizen stopped us on the street a few days ago. He had a case of nerves. He was peevish because "nothing ever happens in this town." He will recover.

But his remark started a train of thoughts in the editorial mind, and we are passing them on to you, as is the custom of our profession.

It is true that "nothing ever happens in this town" and that is one of its beauties, its greatest asset.

We have no murders, no riots, no race disturbances, no class conflicts, no rowdiness—none of the numerous things that happen so often in other places.

We have a class of citizens who are law abiding, God fearing, patriotic, and who respect the rights of other people.

Our citizens are energetic, thrifty, and are producers—not destroyers. They are workers in the hive of industry—not drones.

Truth abounds because it is a community of clean upright people who have nothing to hide from the rest of the world.

It should be a matter of pride to every citizen that "nothing ever happens in this town."

A little child speaks as it thinks. When it grows to maturity it often speaks without thinking.

Set a thief to catch a thief and you have two to watch.

If you are able to name the wise men of this town it is an indication that you are one of the number.

Opportunity greets you, hesitates, and turns to the man who beckons. Your procrastination is your loss.

Do not judge the worth of a man by his ability to talk. Brains seldom wag.

The foolish man makes a big noise when he comes out.

over a little thought. That is the reason he is foolish.

Beware of the man who knows it all. He knows nothing and does not know it.

If your neighbor is full of faults let others tell them to you.

Honesty wins its own reward, but often it falls of delivery.

Every elector votes his own convictions—or somebody else's.

When a man begins to feel his own greatness it is time for the public to look up another less great.

The man of many promises is known by those he doesn't keep.

If you simply must let off steam by finding fault with some one, begin on yourself. You may convince yourself that it is true.

The fellow who believes in town improvement should first improve that which he owns or controls.

Those who would silence the tongue of gossip should let their own be the first to cease to wag.

The man who speaks with bitter tongue is the first to feel its venom.

You can make your worst enemy look small by speaking kindly to him. The public is not slow to judge.

The pathway of honor lies in front of every man, but he cannot expect others to be continually pointing it out to him.

Looking truth in the face is often more profitable than pleasant.

PINEY FORK

Mr. Burk Crider and family were in Princeton one day last week.

Mr. John Scott of Rodney is spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. C. B. Collins.

Mr. C. B. Collins and family and Mr. John Scott were in Marion Saturday.

Mr. D. James and family left for Detroit, Michigan last Saturday.

Mr. C. B. Collins and family and Mr. John Scott spent the day Sunday with Mr. Erin Bebout.

Mr. Burk Crider and family visited Mr. C. B. Collins Saturday.

REPTON

Since the recent rains the prospects for a bumper crop in this end of the county are fine.

The marriage of Miss Aileen Nunn and Mr. George Roberts, two very prominent young people took place at Princeton Wednesday.

Miss Ima Vaughn of Washington, D. C., is visiting her parents at this writing.

Miss Fannie Thurmond visited her cousin, Miss Elkins at Marion Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Laura Summers was in Marion Saturday.

Miss Mae Howerton spent a few days in Sullivan last week.

SILOAM

Rev. J. W. Crowe filled his regular appointment at Siloam the third Saturday and Sunday.

Our school is progressing nicely with Mr. Homer Davidson as teacher.

Mrs. Andy Cooper was in Salem Thursday shopping.

Bro. Marvin Ridout of Clay who assisted in the protracted meeting at Pleasant Grove is now visiting at Mr. Henry and Willie Lynn.

Mrs. Samuel Estes of Eldorado, Illinois, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lynn, has returned home and her mother and brother, Onyel Meredith accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. George Conditt have moved to her father's Mr. T. M. Hill of Chapel Hill, we regret very much to see them leave.

Miss Ola Cooper has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Jerry Craft of Pleasant Grove neighborhood.

Misses Clement and Ruth Lynn were in Marion one day last week.

Mr. Walter Worley has moved to the house vacated by Mr. George Conditt.

When Stoppers Are Obstinate.
Bottle stoppers have an annoying habit of refusing to come out just when one wants them to do so. The following is a sure way of removing the most refractory stopper. By means of a feather apply a drop or two of oilad oil just where the stopper joins the neck of the bottle. Then put the bottle at a little distance from a fire, where it will become slightly warmed, but not hot. The oil rapidly works down in between the stopper and the neck, and by giving the stopper a slight tap the stopper will come out.

If you are able to name the wise men of this town it is an indication that you are one of the number.

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Day Dreams

By GEORGE E. COBB

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

It was as if she possessed the treasures of the world that Olive Morse kissed a little square box she had just received by mail. There was haste, a fluttering excitement in face and manner, as if the act was stealthy and guilty, and evidently a harsh call had something to do with her precipitancy. Olive hastened downstairs to confront her spinster aunt, Selina Brooks, sour, chiding, as usual.

"Did you get some mail?" challenged Miss Brooks imperiously.

"Yes, aunt," replied Olive. "It was a letter from my old school chum, Netta Denne. She has married Warren Nagel."

"About time I should think!" snapped Aunt Selina. "Been engaged for three years. Well, don't let that put any nonsense in your head. I am going to pass the day with Mrs. Wadkins."

Olive suppressed a sigh of relief. Her hand lovingly caressed that little box through the folds of her dress. She had not told her aunt that a letter was not all that the package had brought. She could scarcely repress her joy at realizing that she was to have a full day to herself. As she thought of the letter Netta had written her and the box and its inclosure she anticipated twelve hours filled with girlish dreams of romance.

Olive had received her first piece of wedding cake, for it was that the box contained. She longed for Aunt Selina to depart whilst she might hasten to a favorite nook in the woods, where she could read and rereread that gushing letter, so full of joy and hope. It was a spot included with vines—a veritable lady's bower and one where she was sure to be free from intrusion, where she could repose on the moist velvety of green swards and dream the blissful hours away.

Olive's correspondence with her girl friend was the only variation in an otherwise bleak and dreary existence. Shut out from social pleasures of every kind, she had lived in fancy and sympathy the existence of Netta, following step by step the events in the experience of her friend and longing for the actual companionship of the outside world that seemed so sunshiny and sweet. When her aunt had gone Olive put on her outling cap and crossed the meadow in the direction of the woods. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks aglow as she reached the sequestered spot where she had spent so many peaceful hours weaving the day dreams that had become a radiant part of her life.

Olive sat down on a little knoll in her sheltered hideout and read over the letter that told of her dear friend's weddin. Then she uncovered the box, carefully folded back the paper lace surrounding that dark rich square of cake, broke off a corner and laughed outright as the dark rich chocolate cake nuked a pillow of her apron and placed the box under it and dreamt on the cake her future husband would come to her in her sleep.

Inensibly she drifted into somewhat filmy visions. She must have slept for an hour when she awoke and her eyes half unclosed. The vines at one end of the nook were drawn aside and there stood revealed in the bright sunlight a young man arrayed in the tattered garb of a chevalier of an age long gone by, a jeweled sword at his side, a jaunty hat with pure white plumes set upon his head. The face Olive would never cease to remember. She smiled and the intruder smiled back. She sighed deliciously, for to her it was surely fancy—a dream in this hour of fantasies. Then a whistle sounded outside and the handsome chevalier faded away like a spirit in thin air.

Olive closed her eyes, smilingly recalling her dream, longing for a world where dreams come true. When she went home she wrote a long letter to Netta, reciting the incident of her "phantom lover" and felicitating over the blent suitor that fancy had brought to her.

"Mrs. Wadkins has her hands full with ten transient bordello's," recited her aunt, when she returned. "There's a party of movie people acting out a play for the author. He's the main actor, too. We saw them play a part of it—Spanish play, I think, for Mr. Devon, the principal character, wore a regular court suit just like I've seen in pictures, plumed hat, blue silk coat, jeweled sword. Why, what is the matter, Olive?"

"Oh, nothing, aunt," declared Olive, suppressing a cry of enlightenment. "Tell me more about him—them." In a few minutes Olive was assured that her cavalier visitor was an actual fact.

Two nights later she knew it. She was awakened from sleep to find the room full of smoke; outside all was agair. Some one dashed into the apartment with the quick command: "Wrap yourself up in the bedsheet and I'll try to get you to safety. The house is on fire!" And amid the flame radiance Olive recognized the intruder she was passing here. I ask her to marry a dying man, who wishes to reward her great kindness and your own by providing for all your future."

It was a solemn ceremony, the marriage performed with only the doctor and a clergymen present, yet from that hour Burton Gray seemed to live. He passed the crisis of his illness, and the happiest moment in the life of Ruthie was that he, which, able to get about in his chair, she supported his wavering steps as she led him out into the lovely little garden that was a paradise to both.

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Hugh Davis, formerly called Hattie Davis, is especially popular and屡々 successful in the treatment of itch, scabies, ringworm, and tinea, and is sold by the drugstore. He gives strict guarantees that the purchases will be promptly refunded to any dissatisfied customer. Try Hattie Davis at our risk. For sale locally by HAYNES & TAYLOR.

Haynes & Taylor, Marion, Ky.

A Strange Wedding

By RALPH HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

How to live on a three hundred dollar a year pension and the sparse produce raised on a small acre surrounding the house he had the free use of during his lifetime, was a problem Morris Vehon had solved, although at a cost of close pinching. It was a lonely spot at the edge of a quiet little village, and life for the old man and his motherless daughter, Eulalie, was a round of dull monotony.

They had been now five years at Rosecrest and Eulalie had grown into a lovely, graceful girl of twenty. From the wreck of a former fortune her father had saved quite a library, a piano and some choice pictures, and these graced the humble little house and surrounded it with something of the refinements of intelligence and culture. The girl had always done her full duty as helper and daughter. Often in a fit of melancholy Mr. Vehon would upbraid himself for eagling her bright spirit away from the joys of life.

"I am very happy and contented as it is, dear father," Eulalie would insist. "I must inherit from dear dead mother a love for the charms of nature and which she was brought up, and I find no false friends among the flowers and the birds."

They were seated one evening on the porch, both dreary and lulled to a sweet serenity by the balmy air and the soothing perfume of many flowers. The pale starlight showed the rose-tinted gate with the stretch of purple berries beyond. A lurking moon on the far horizon had just begun to thine the landscape with a delicate silvery glow. The distant clang clang of an automobile aroused them. It seemed sounding down the road passing the house, but the sounds became less distinct finally, as though the machine had turned off at some side road, and at this Mr. Vehon wondered, for even the one main thoroughfare was a rutty, uneven highway.

Perhaps half an hour passed by when down the latter came a madly rushing auto. It halted directly in front of the house and one of three men it held sprang from the machine and unceremoniously rushed up to the porch.

"Limousine," he spoke rapidly, "red and black, two men aboard. Has it passed here within the past two hours?"

"None such, none at all," replied Mr. Vehon. "Not many of any kind do," and the man hastened back to the road, and the machine, turning, retraced its course with an excited confusion among its passengers.

The incident somewhat disturbed the serenity of Eulalie and her father. Within half an hour the latter made a movement as if intent on going into the house and Eulalie lifted the lantern. Its rays showed a man in chauffeur attire standing at the step, and half reclining on the rear seat, a pale young man, suggesting an invalid.

"We ran in here because we were in trouble," hastily spoke the chauffeur. "It there a man about the house?"

"My father, yes," said the bewilderred Eulalie. "I will send him at once."

Mr. Vehon went to the barn. Soon he and the chauffeur came carrying the young man between them. He was borne to a room upstairs. The chauffeur, an hour later, left the house. Mr. Vehon came down to Eulalie with a serious face.

"We have become unwillingly a part of a tragedy," he said

THE TWO BETHELS

RUSSELVILLE FOR BOYS

Campus and Buildings, \$300,000
Endowment \$200,000
1920 Enrollment 181

Faculty, All Men, Fifteen

Ample Electives in College courses, Standard High School and Preparatory. Business and Vocational Classes.

Military Training, R. O. T. C.
Uniforms Furnished Free
Athletics Compulsory

Expenses \$300. Rates to Ministers. Write for Catalog and Annual.

GEORGE F. DASHER, President

RUSSELLVILLE

KENTUCKY

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mr. Virgil Threlkeld spent a few days last week in St. Louis.

Mr. Grady Waddell of Salem spent Sunday in the city with friends.

Mr. Clarence Newcom of Owensboro is the guest of relatives here.

Miss Anna Lou Finley who has been the guest of friends here left Sunday for her home in Louisville.

Mr. Herschell Butler of Salom spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. Ernest Butler and family.

A party of young people from Salem visited Miss Laura Butler and attended the Mac-Tuff show. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Chick, Misses Louise Ferry and M.

Mr. W. C. Franklin of Tulsa, Oklahoma spent a few days last week with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Yandell of Rosedale, Ill., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Yandell.

Mr. Mitchell and Messrs. James Pace, Corbin Rappoldin and Allen Simpkins.

Mrs. Ollie M. James of Washington, D. C., is the guest of her nieces, Misses Elizabeth and Vivian Rochester.

Big Ice Cream Supper at Urayne at Tom Jones' Saturday night, Aug. 28th. Everybody invited to come and bring somebody with you.

Mr. Bob King of Sturgis spent a few days last week with Mr. Wm. Rochester.

Mrs. M. E. Craft left last week for May View, Mich., to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Pickens of Henderson are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pickens.

Mrs. William Rochester returned Sunday from Lexington, where she has been visiting her parents.

S. W. Agee returned Monday from Kansas City Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Wilkey of Murfreesboro, Tenn., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Haynes.

Mrs. Burma Threlkeld Wright of California arrived Monday and is now visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Threlkeld.

Mrs. Trotter, who has been the guest of her son, Rev. J. B. Trotter and family left Friday for her home at Montgomery, Ala.

Miss Catherine Moore, who has a position as stenographer at Camp Knox, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Moore.

Mrs. Bracy Birchfield and son, Owen of Shady Grove were in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Gus Taylor was called to Princeton on account of the sudden death of her sister, Mrs. Morehead.

Miss Sarah Blue, who has been the guest of Miss Virginia Blue, returned Tuesday to her home in Morganfield.

Mrs. Raymond Olive of Louisville who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Olive, has returned home.

Mr. Ernest Minner who has been at work in Akron, Ohio has returned home.

Mrs. J. R. Perry was called to Blodgett, Mo., on account of the illness of her father, Mr. A. F. Franklin.

Mrs. R. H. Woods has returned from a visit with friends in Henderson.

Mrs. R. F. Dorr, who has been ill for the past week, is slowly improving.

Mr. J. F. Loyd and daughter, Miss Marie Loyd, of Washington, arrived Monday and will spend several weeks visiting relatives in this country.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Bennett, Mrs. J. H. Moore and daughter, Rebecca, Mrs. Kitty Perry, Mrs. E. L. Harpend and Mr. Jake Foster left early Tuesday morning on an automobile trip to the Mammoth Cave.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry F. Hayes of Crayne were in town shopping Monday.

Messrs. Douglas and Earl Clement of Bowling Green spent the week end with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. L. H. Clement.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Guess and daughter, Marie, are in Tolu the guests of his mother, Mrs. Sallie Guess.

Mr. D. S. Funkhouser of near Tolu was in town Tuesday on business.

Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Jacobs of Chillicothe spent the first of the week with friends here.

LOGGING TEAMS WANTED to haul logs from Lola to Carrsville. \$15,000 worth of hauling. 10³

W. E. CURRY,
Fords Ferry, Ky.

Mr. C. W. Goodloe of Bowling Green spent the week end with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Oren Threlkeld of Repton spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Threlkeld.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. White of Margantfield spent the week end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Duvall.

I SEE...

Al Dean was in Marion Monday.

J. F. Cook of the Zion section was in the city Monday and reported a fine sorghum crop. He has purchased a new mill to be run by gasoline engine.

J. J. Thomas was in Marion Monday.

Mrs. Addie Doss returned Sunday from the hospital in Evansville where she had an operation.

Hopkinsville for Girls

A Junior College and Conservatory and a Standard High School.

Courses in Literature, Art, Expression, Home Economics, music and business under competent instructor.

Patronage increased 300 per cent last year, good social and religious atmosphere. New dormitory, gymnasium, swimming pool.

A good place for good girls.

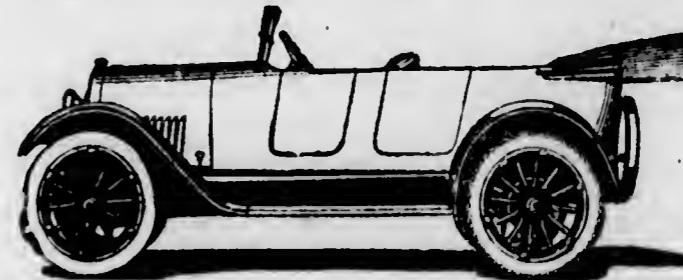
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J. W. GAINES, President.

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CHEVROLET PLATFORM



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'THE PRODUCT OF EXPERIENCE'

More than 500,000 Chevrolet cars giving satisfaction in daily use, prove that the Chevrolet Building Platform meets every requirement of economical transportation.

T. H. COCHRAN & CO.
MARION, KY.

Great Tire Sale

For the next few days I will offer my entire stock of brand new first-class

GOODRICH TIRES

at the following prices:

These tires are strictly first-class and fully guaranteed by the manufacturer for 6,000 miles.

List Price	Our Price
30x3	\$17.15
30x3 $\frac{1}{2}$	23.20
31x3 $\frac{1}{2}$	27.65
32x3 $\frac{1}{2}$	28.05
32x4	36.80
33x4	38.60
34x4	39.60

As this offer is only for a few days, BUY NOW.

M. O. ESKEW

STRAND THEATRE

A Big Special Production

Thursday, Aug. 26th



ALICE JOYCE
IN SCENE FROM VITAFORGRAPH'S
DOLLARS AND THE WOMAN

"Made Up to a Standard Not Down to a Price"

That's the kind of printing produced in the job department of

THE CRITTENDEN PRESS

CHRISTIAN FAMILY GONE

Prof. V. L. Christian and family were with the family of Senator Deboe last week and left Monday for their new home in Anchorage, Ky., where Prof. Christian has charge of the schools. He was Superintendent of the Marion Graded and High Schools for a number of years. He is a Christian gentleman and a first class instructor.

His wife was a Marion girl and daughter of one of Marion's foremost citizens, Senator Deboe.

Marion people feel keenly their loss but Anchorage is the gainer. The Press commends them to the good people of their new home.

BIG

Ice Cream Supper

at Brown's School House

—FOR SALE House and lot on Bellville St. Remodeled till same as new. Five rooms and hall. Good out buildings, well and cistern. Bargain if taken at once.

66
J. A. ELDER, Phone 239-3

Saturday Night August 28

Miss Bessie Nunn spent the first of the week in Evansville.

BENEFIT GAME OF BASE BALL!

Maxwell Park, MARION
FRIDAY, AUG. 27th

Game Called at 3:30 P. M.

MARION REDS

VS.

A Team Composed of Marion's
OLD TIME PLAYERS

TWO GRAND PRIZES

J. H. Orme will present a fine box of candy to the most popular lady attending the game. Each gentleman accompanying a lady will count one vote. For example if a lady comes with two men she receives two votes, with ten men, ten votes, etc. Come on ladies and get the candy!

Haynes & Taylor will present a box of cigars to the most popular gentleman attending, score to count on the number of ladies accompanying any one gentleman.

J. R. Sowers will give everybody present a glass of lemonade. Many other surprises for you. Everybody come!

Admission: Children 25c, Adults 50c

FREE LIST SUSPENDED

Straight talk on Cream Separators by
C. A. ADAMS

Marion, Ky.

NO MATTER what anyone may claim, there is **only one speed** at which a cream separator should be turned in order to get all the cream and cream of uniform thickness.

That's the speed plainly indicated on the crank of every separator, of **whatever make**.

Full speed is the only assurance of full capacity and full efficiency.

Every De Laval now has a Bell Speed-Indicator. The bell warns the operator if the separator is turned too slowly. There can be no mistake about it.

The Bell Speed-Indicator adds nothing to the price but much to the value of the De Laval Cream Separator.

Come in, examine the machine and see how the Bell Speed-Indicator works.

Sooner or later you will buy a

DE LAVAL

EVANSVILLE COLLEGE

Has had a remarkable first year enrolling over 500 students. Its second year will be even greater.

A NEW DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING

has been added. The usual college courses are offered. Special departments of Music and Education.

Many opportunities to earn way through college.

AUTUMN QUARTER BEGINS SEPT. 28.

For information write Alfred F. Hughes, President.

THE BELL RINGER

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

(Copyright 1920 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The man of distinguished appearance in the enclosed car looked impudently from right to left as he drove up the village street. He had promised his father to seek out, during his travels, a certain ministerial friend, whose promising career had ended in this insignificant and hidden corner of the world.

The man of business had almost forgotten his promise, until the "Hillcrest" sign on the weather-beaten station reminded him of his father's request. It was here that Reverend David Roberts had come in ill health and disengagement to make his home.

James Harding's father and David Roberts had been classmates together at the old university. David's first charge had quickly led to a greater, and still greater pastorate, until it became fashionable to be numbered among the throngs who went to hear his brilliant addresses. Then, quickly, came nervous breakdown and—failure. Weakly recovered, David had lost his hold upon men. Some blamed this to his own loss of confidence in human nature.

The theologian had loved and married a young society woman, whose only admiration for his great work was its exhibition of power. And with his necessary acceptance of humbler fields the society wife left him, to return to her people. So, thereafter, David went from charge to charge alone, and it was not until the death of Elizabeth Roberts many years later, that he wrote his wife's people asking that his daughter who had been raised in their care, be sent to him in his little home to visit, and to make her future choice between them.

James Harding smiled cynically, as he rode through the streets of Hillcrest, at this proposition.

So James Harding entered the unfamiliar vicinity of a church entry, and then stood there in silent surprise. For it was a girl who tolled the swinging bell, her white arms drawing rhythmically at the rough ropes. And it was the uprisen face of the girl, in all its appealing loveliness, which held him silent and wondering.

She turned presently to give him a frank smile of greeting, then closing the door upon her bell rope, came to with his message.

"Mr. Roberts will be here in half an hour," she answered bluntly. "Perhaps you would like to wait in the vestry."

And as Harding waited, he decided that it might be interesting to climb the narrow stair that he had noticed beyond the hanging bell ropes. He might be able from the platform of the tiny tower to obtain a view of the surrounding country. So it was with a long-forgotten sense of adventure that he ascended the ladder-stair. And there at the top, in a little dusty attic of resting place, sat the girl. Her dark eyes whited as she saw him, then again came her understanding smile.

"You'll have to climb up the smaller ladder to get into the tower," she directed; but he paused, wondering at the studious appearance of the tiny loft. A wooden box used as a desk was littered with scattered pages, a shabby pile of books lay heaped upon the floor.

The last rays of daylight filtering down from above made a halo of the girl's hair as she knelt before the wooden box with that rapt look in her eyes—she was to James Harding some fair saint at her devotion. And though he might not understand what it was that held her absorbed, as he had first seen her, he lifted his hat in apology, and went back down the stairs. He sat smiling during the service, to which his father's old friend begged him to remain at the unaccustomed implements of this evening.

A strange new interest possessed him to see again, and hear about, the lovely, peripatetic young creature who swayed church bells and wrote in a tower. But as the man of great affairs listened to the old minister's trembling words, he was impressed by the breathless attention of his hearers, and then promptly forgot them, in the sincerity of the simple message. And as the two men sat later, in the comfortable room of a small cottage, Harding questioned abruptly concerning the girl.

"And it was Deleste Hovden who broke the news to me of your falling in Flanders. She was inexplicably sympathetic, and it was her advice that I should seek forgetfulness in another town, away from the haunting memories of you."

"And you are still John Myles?" The years seemed to slip from his shoulders and something of a hope that he had thought turned to ashes shone forth in his face. "You're not broken your faith?" It seemed almost too wonderful not to be a dream or delusion. Then a deep, faltering look of which came into his face.

"As for Deleste," he muttered. "Never mind, Deleste." John answered simply. "Jegous, unhappy girls not unaccountably at times, and since we really have each other—since we're going to be so beautifully happy again—let's forgive her!"

"And to think that you should have come to grandfather's grave!" he marveled. "We worried over grandmother staying so long. Had I not come in search of her, I might never have found you again. It seems odd, too, that I should have visited her now."

"Truly the ways of the Lord are wonderful," spoke the little old lady devoutly. "His ways are not always our ways. I shan't have many more years left to me to take care of this precious grave, but I know now that you two, who have found happiness here, will never forget it."

Tenderly they helped the sweet old soul, who had not forgotten. And so, on Memorial day—that dear, bitter-sweet time when the world pauses to dream of departed "perfect days" with their haunting "memories that bless and bane"—John and Jim started life anew, bright with promise and hope.

Subscribe for the Press.

Extreme Economy.

A neighbor had some dental work done. When the filling was completed the tooth felt nothing, causing him nervousness and anxiety. I asked him why he didn't have the dentist grind it off a little and he said seriously: "Well, I hate to think of all that gold dust going to waste after I've paid for it!"—Exchange.

MEMORY DAY

By MARY McDONOUGH.

(Copyright 1920 by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The girl with the dreamy, sad eyes, found her way to the little grave in the sleepy churchyard, far away from the teeming city.

She laid her offering of flowers on the mound and then sat beside it, dreaming dreams of another mound in Flanders—perhaps uncared for, perhaps unnoticed; dreaming dreams of other and happier times, when life seemed rosy-tinted and glowing with promise.

A little old lady, shriveled and faltering, her skin brown and wrinkled with the years, broke in upon her reveries. She seemed surprised to find another grieving at her shrine, surprised to find the lovely remembrance of flowers. She brushed an aged hand across her forehead, as if trying to remember the sweet-faced stranger.

"Are you Margaret Hyatt's granddaughter?"

The girl rose and took the old lady's hands in hers.

"I'm Joan Myles," she answered with her wonderful half-sad smile, "and I came from the city. I spent a vacation here last fall. I've always liked to wander alone through churchyards, and I came across this lonely stone. It—it seemed mystically dear to me because—it bore the name of the man I was to marry. He—he fell on Flanders fields. The date on the stone was so long ago I thought perhaps no one remembered, and since I could not go to my own beloved's resting place, I thought I could seem nearer to him on this memory day if I came out here where his name was."

But the little old lady was thinking of her own lover-husband, who had fought in the Civil war, and who was still a young, handsome lad to her.

"Ah, that's it," she breathed. "It makes them seem nearer. My folks can't understand my remembering and grieving still, but the poet spoke truly when he said:

"The heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But it truly loves on to the end!
And I never have forgotten during all the years."

And so they stayed there for long hours that flew by on wings, while they told a little and dreamed.

At last the grounds became deserted. A dawning robins snuzet hung its exquisite picture over distant hill and reflected itself in the shimmering Meramee. With a start the girl arose.

"It's very late. You must be fatigued," she said. "Let me help you to your home. I had no idea we were here so late." But somehow the visit has strangely touched me. I seem more hopeful; my cross seems easier to bear. Perhaps—"

Then she started. She grew deathly pale, and trembled from head to foot, for straight in front of her was the image of her sweetheart. A piercing scream, and she fell forward in a dead faint.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself in his arms, with the little old lady, whom he addressed as "Grandmother," bending close. The words of "Antonio" in an old poem came to her thoughts:

"Oh, ghost or spirit of my buried love! I know not, e'er not which, But he welcome, three welcome to this heart of mine!"

"John! John!" she breathed, when at last she could speak, "they told me you were dead."

"And I might as well be," he retorted, "when they tell me you have broken your faith with me and married—"

"Married?" she gasped. "My dear, my dear! What made you think that?"

Deleste Hovden broke it to me gently in a kind, tactful letter. She was beautifully thoughtful in those black words the ocean days for me."

"And it was Deleste Hovden who broke the news to me of your falling in Flanders. She was inexplicably sympathetic, and it was her advice that I should seek forgetfulness in another town, away from the haunting memories of you."

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GLAD POLITICS ARE ELIMINATED

Endorsement of New School Board By Farmers Is Voiced

By High Official In National Organization

The American Farm Bureau Federation is emphatic in its attitude toward education in the rural districts. Mr. J. T. Crenshaw, the treasurer of this great organization of farmers, in a recent interview granted your correspondent:

The Kentucky Farm Bureau stands for the elimination of politics from the control of educational affairs. The farmer boy and girl of Kentucky are entitled to the best mental training it is possible to secure. The question for

J. S. CRENSHAW, Cadiz, Ky., Treasurer of the American Farm Bureau.

years past has been how can this be accomplished now the solution is presented in the new school laws.

A law so strong as public sentiment, no law will work automatically. Are the farmers really and truly interested in the education of their children? Are they really and truly 100 per cent Americans? Are they opposed to Bolshevism? Do they think this government worthy of, and are they willing to do their best that it be perpetuated?

Everything depends upon the interest manifested in the election of the County Board of Education, of the election of men who will without fear or favor stand fast for a square deal for the boys and girls of the State, who will have their interest as of first importance.

There are a number of men and women in every county in Kentucky fully competent to compose these boards is unquestioned. The County Farm Bureau should take an active part in impressing on them their responsibility in calling the attention of the people to them, on seeing that the names of such men and women are placed on the ballot and on an aggressive campaign that their election be assured.

The Kentucky Farm Bureau endorses unqualifiedly the law creating the new County Boards of Education and will wholeheartedly give its aid to any county asking for assistance in advising the people of the great opportunity it offers, for happier homes, for more prosperity, for the greater service and for bigger living. The lives of people can not be greater than their ability to live and their ability to live is measured by their knowledge of life. If we are saved to serve and born into the world to render service, and forget who happens to wish the office.

to make the world a better place because of our having lived in it, then we must look to the public schools for preparation for life; for the intellectual life of a people will never rise higher than its public schools.

The Hon. J. N. Camden was visited in his country home near Versailles by your staff correspondent this summer to secure his viewpoint of the new school laws. That he is heartily in favor of them is shown by his statement which follows:

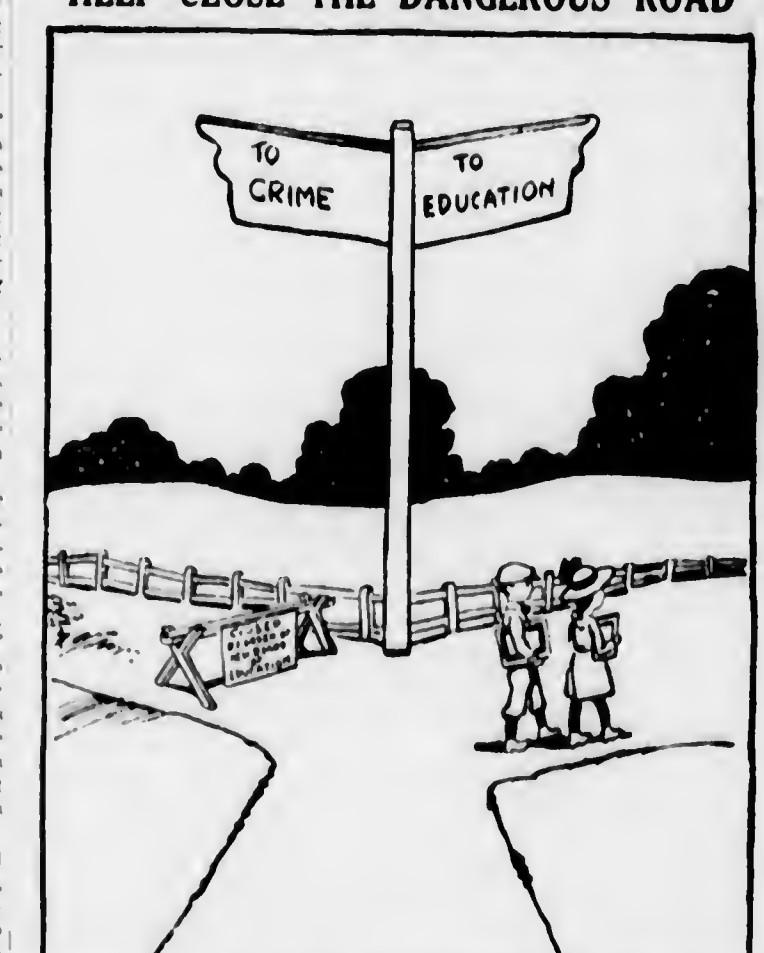
I know the rural school because I live in the country and see it at work during the whole school year, and I know it needs improvement. I feel that the two political parties in Kentucky did a great and fine piece of work when they combined forces and passed a group of new and thoroughly up-to-date school laws. Among those laws passed none will be more far-reaching in its results than the one creating a Board of Education for each county, composed of five members, who will have the power of selecting a county superintendent, and thus take the office out of county politics.

Next November the public will naturally be very much interested in the national candidates and the national issues, but the matter of good schools and strong teachers should not be forgotten for a single moment. Good schools in the Twentieth Century are vitally important to each and every county in the Commonwealth. The voter should not forget that the most and best National Government in the world will not educate the boys and girls out in the country. So it is up to the voters in Kentucky to see to it that progressive County Boards of Education are elected next November.

HON. J. N. CAMDEN, Versailles, Ky., Democratic National Committeeman.

One point should not be forgotten when candidates for places on the board are being voted for and that is that they must not be pledged to any special person for the office of County Superintendent. The voter should elect strong men on the board and leave them absolutely free to select a county superintendent who will make good. In other words, the voter should think of the boys and girls in his constituency who are not getting a fair square deal in the matter of schooling and forget who happens to wish the office.

HELP CLOSE THE DANGEROUS ROAD



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Go there for your meals. Everything Fresh and clean. Strictly European.

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